

DAUM'S

416 Seventh Street.

SPECIAL SALE

OF

Lace Curtains and Portieres.

89c

For a good Nottingham Lace Curtain, in very attractive designs, 3-12 yards long.

\$1.23

For a Nottingham Lace Curtain that is sold regular at \$1.68.

\$1.49

For an excellent Nottingham Lace Curtain, 60 inches wide and 3-12 yards long. Worth \$2.25.

\$1.95

For a Nottingham Lace Curtain that has the appearance of Brussels net.

\$2.98

Real Nottingham Lace Curtains, fine quality of net and the most desirable designs. These curtains cannot be duplicated for less than \$4.50.

\$1.98

For an Irish Point Lace Curtain, in desirable patterns, good quality net, would be considered a bargain at \$2.50.

\$3.98

For an Irish Point Lace Curtain that was sold for \$5.25.

\$4.48

For a fine Irish Point Lace Curtain, in handsome designs, and well worth \$6.50.

We have Lace Curtains from \$2.50 to \$25, and are showing many handsome effects in the latest novelties.

Portieres.

\$2.48

For a pair of Chenille Portieres with pretty dado and heavy fringe on top and bottom. This Portiere usually sells for \$3.25.

\$3.75.

A Chenille Portiere with double dado, making a very effective hanging. Regular value, \$4.25.

\$4.25

For a pair of Fine Quality Chenille Portieres with artistic dado and heavy fringe. This Portiere when hung has the appearance of velvet. Worth \$6.

We are showing some very pretty hangings in Tapestry Portieres, with drapery tops, as low in price as \$4.19.

Curtain Poles and Trimmings given free of charge with every pair of portieres.

Silk Finished Roman Blankets or Couch Covers,

98c.

More silky ones at \$1.50 and \$3.25.

Window Shades at prices lower than asked elsewhere.

DAUM'S

416 7th St.

NEW FLORIDA CANAL.

One of the Greatest Projects Ever Attempted in the State.

One of the greatest projects ever attempted in this State is the reclaiming of 16,000 acres of land by the Meadow Land Improvement Company.

The land which this company is reclaiming is aypress pond near Orange Lake, between Citra and Sparrs, near Alachua county line. The land is to be reclaimed, says the Gainesville Sun, by digging a canal fifteen feet to thirty feet deep, and sixty to eighty feet at the top.

The canal will run from the pond to the Oklawaha river, a distance of nine miles. The completion of the company's canal system from the Florida Central and Peninsular Railroad on the west, through the tract, a distance of eleven miles to the Oklawaha river on the east, will give a water route via canal, Oklawaha and St. John's rivers (regular lines of passenger and freight steamers) through the inland waterways to the Atlantic seaboard. This will insure a competitive route and corresponding low freight rates for market crops. The canal will be free to all.

Business First.

"Now," said the Maryland first citizen, "having recited the Lord's Prayer so beautifully and earnestly in unison, I will read, for your adoption, my resolution commemorating the Armistice of World War." "Fifty First Citizens—Halt! Wow! Wow! Yoo-oo! Wagh! Hey! Bunk! Bunk! Bunk! We must hang the blank nigger first—Cleveland Plaindealer.

GRAND OPERA IN NEW YORK

Music Is One Hundred Years Old in America.

A METROPOLITAN AUDIENCE

They Show Historic Groups of Faces From the Senate and House.

So small a thing as the turning out of the gas by the gas man, who was sleepy and wanted to go home, put a stop to the festivities of the season after the last performance of the grand opera last spring.

The touching off of the gases this autumn is the signal for its commencement. The Metropolitan Opera House is once more ablaze with light. Light not alone from the gas man's efforts, but bright rays from the sparkling eyes of the beautiful women present and the flashings of the jewels they wear.

THE HOME OF OPERA. No city in the world has the facilities for grand opera which New York boasts. Not Paris, nor Berlin, nor any of those who have been for thousands of years in the very home of grand opera. New York boasts hotels for opera-goers, she provides elegant carriages to convey them back and forth, she has built the finest grand opera house in the world and her citizens spend a fortune annually to witness the sweetest singers of the world here. This year the subscriptions for the boxes amounted to \$50,000 more than last year. What a fortune truly must be the whole sum which New York provides annually!

Grand opera in New York now is not like the grand opera of the old world as it used to be, as it is now. In the home of Wagner musicians do not sit calmly in a lull in the orchestra and play their sweet notes for a smiling, chatting audience to appreciate or let alone. Ah, no. They play to be heard, to be applauded or to be bitterly condemned.

In the old days a musician who played a false note might expect to be set upon by the foremost of his infuriated listeners and dragged from his seat in the orchestra. In the first moment of wild rage, his coat, his hat and even his precious instrument might suffer demolition, while by his side a musician whose sweet strain had risen in solemn harmony above the others would be lifted from his seat and passed frantically down the aisle, his eyes closed, his face smothered and cried over by turns, until borne triumphantly back to his seat with his brother musicians.

Yet, with all the apathy of the New World, with all its indifference, its chattering, its chattering, its carelessness, New York is today the greatest home of grand opera in the world. It makes the opera what it should be, an entertainer, an educator, a means of social delight and moral benefit. And to prove that it is all these things in one, it brings together nightly the chosen men of the country, the men whose names are proud to mention along with the financiers, the politicians, the barristers of the law, the doctors, the judges, the statesmen, and God knows they are the men of whom the country is proudest.

In society. In fact, there is a certain well-known lady who introduces her protegee in this way: "Come with me to the opera Monday night. You will then know everybody." The quick success of the protegee after this general introduction argues for the verity of the assurance.

Everybody knows everybody else in this queer maze of boxes. Like little coops they rise one behind the other and each of them topped the last by a little way. Between them is a little velvet upholstery, a few heraldic designs in gold and silver, some gold scrollwork. But all are together. Word is exchanged freely between the boxes, and the owners of the different ones come and go without regard to the box which they may or may not own. The fact that they are in separate opera-goers is enough. For this sociability may go to the opera. First for the sociability, then for the music.

THE MORTON BOX. The Morton box, opera-goer box No. 16, and it is filled every night of the season by some of the members of the governor's large family. Mrs. Morton never leaves her husband for long at a time, but the two find opportunity to run down from the capital, where the gubernatorial duties keep the head of the house, and incidentally to remain over night.

Last winter Mr. Morton came down one blizzard day, and for hours he drove through the city. Here and there, some and down to steps, into high buildings and through long ones. But ever hurrying out Two cabmen from the Metropolitan Club, where the governor's party is held, were tired out, but still the Governor hurried on. "What's your rush?" asked a friend as with a hurried grasp of the hand the executive leaped into his cab.

"Not to get through by night—going to the opera," called back this inveterate opera-goer. Forgive Mr. Morton's long stay in Paris he went just as regularly and knew almost as many French politicians as here. Another politician opera-goer is William C. Whitney, whose parterre box, No. 30, will be stayed by himself this year and his family. Mr. Whitney has a way of gathering up people who have no special box of their own, as well as those who have, for a seat in the front of his favorite box. He gathers both society people and professionalists.

OTHER INVETERATES. Mr. Whitney may be called the father of grand opera in America because he, more than any one else, encouraged its first stages in New York on a grand scale. Mrs. Whitney supported it with her money and her social influence, and Mr. Whitney, the indefatigable, backed it with his own sense and ideas. For a season past the Whitney box was empty, or without its original owner, but this season the bright face of Calvin S. Brice, that wonderful man who has come from a small beginning to first rank politically and socially, is another of the new stars.

Mr. Whitney's box is a singularly appearing man, always singular, yet never of a piece. An admirer of Calvin S. Brice, looking at him in his box on one of the opening nights of the opera, exclaimed: "Look at Cal Brice! Looks as if he had been born in a dress suit and bow-tie. He is a gentleman of the stamp that does not know when he's dressed up. He is unconscious and above clothes. You ought to see him, as I have, with trousers tucked up, his boots and overcoats a railroad job. Cal Brice is good enough, yet not too good for anything."

OTHER INVETERATES. The list of the other "old inveterates" is as long as the list of famous civilians of the country—Elliott T. Gerry, Adrian Belmont and the other folks, the Roosevelt,

This Telegram Tells the Story.

Form No. 1.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

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HENRI ROCHEFORT'S MEMOIRS

Reminiscences Which May Be More Than a Story of the Author's Self.

Bits of Absorbing Foreign Gossip Which Are Not Told by Cable or Through Ocean Mails.

Very startling is the tone of the memoirs of Henri Rochefort that are now appearing serially in one of the great daily papers of Paris. It has generally been supposed that so red a revolutionist would have escaped the period of his youth, when he was a little nobleman among his aristocratic kinsfolk of high degree.

But the ex-communist, on the contrary, seems to take a pleasure in expatiating on the frivolous of his lineage, on his blood relationship with the princely house of De Rohan and that of Montmorency.

There is probably no one in France, not even Daniel Wilson, the son-in-law of the late President Grevy, who possesses such a perfect collection of gossip concerning the most notable personages of the Imperial reign, as well as of the Republican regime, as he. He is intimately acquainted with the skeleton in every closet, and what family is there that has not a skeleton of some kind or other which it strives to keep out of sight?

He has, for instance, all the documents showing that General, the Marquis de Galliffet, the most slashing cavalry leader of the French army, decided his regiment when it was ordered out to the Crimea, and was disgraced by the police on a warrant as a deserter, and conspired to embark for the sea of way by force.

There is literally no end to the awkward and forgotten secrets leading to compromise at names that he fully knows, and every imaginable effort has been made by the Bonapartists, the royalists, and by a host of prominent republicans to appeal to his forgotten and discredited past.

For the man has a very soft heart, far more so than most people imagine, and in spite of all the democracy of his expressed opinions, is every bit as susceptible to a friend in breeding, feeling and ideas as his most intimate friend and fellow-republican Maurice de Talleyrand-Perigord, who bears the title of Duc de Dino and is married to a New York girl, Mrs. Fred Stevens, the daughter of Joseph Sponson.

No one has known more of the ups and downs of life than himself. Reared in the grandest houses of the noble Faubourg at Paris he has been condemned to death as an anarchist and as a revolutionary, and at one moment the idol of the people, the next day he would find himself almost lynched in the streets as an object of popular hatred.

Repeatedly exiled, imprisoned twice without number, sentenced to penal servitude for life, escaping through a country river in a boat, and subsequently in an open boat across the Pacific from New Caledonia to Australia, there is practically no limit to his experiences, and certainly his reminiscences cannot fail to prove—as regards his own personal adventures and the scandals concerning prominent people—the most interesting memoirs published since the beginning of the century.

Poor Archduke Joseph of Austria, who only six weeks ago lost his second and favorite son, Landisau, in such a tragic manner, found an accident discovered of his gun while out shooting, has come within an ace of losing his eldest son, Joseph Augustus, in almost the same manner. He was out after game, mounted on a pony, with a loaded gun swung across his back. Suddenly the pony brought him to the ground, fracturing his thigh, and in the fall the gun went off, inflicting a mere flesh wound of no particular importance.

The archduke is a fat, stubby faced young fellow, and is married to one of the emperor's granddaughters, a sister of that Bavarian princess who created such a sensation three years ago by insisting on marrying a young cavalry lieutenant, possessed of neither name nor fortune, and who is distantly related to the Baron Seyfried, who is the chief executioner and hangman of the Austrian empire.

HENRY CLAY WAS RATTLED.

But Remembered a Quotation That Did as Well as the Missing.

In the early twenties of this century Mr. Clay was appointed by the legislature of Kentucky a commissioner to Virginia to look after the affairs of that commonwealth, which was then a territory of the United States. He was received with great courtesy by its most distinguished citizens. He held that his profession, politics, and affairs of government had occupied his time so exclusively that he was aware of knowing little of polite literature, or the favorite publications of the day. This proposition was made to a friend whom he knew to be a literary man to select some lines to introduce when addressing the legislature, as a little of the poet's work, and as a quotation expressive of his feelings to the State of Virginia, as his birthplace. His friend suggested a stanza from Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which he highly approved, and memorized.

The day appointed for his address found the galleries, halls, and every available space crowded with eager, expectant auditors, and many beautiful women in bright attire gave brilliancy to the scene. He held the attention of his audience with entire success until he came to the part where he meant to introduce the quotation. Then his memory failed him. The stock was appalling for a moment. He stood rigid and pale before a thousand watching eyes, in his mind only a blank, before him a turbulent sea of upturned faces. With a characteristic gesture he threw up his hands to his forehead, and in his most somber tones recited the following words:

"Breathes there a man, with soul so dead, Who never to himself hath said, 'This is my own, my native land!'"

"Every one present had supposed that he was overcome by emotion, and none but the friends who were seated nearest to him perceived the cause of his momentary panic.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

FUTURE NOVEL WRITING.

Plots Made to Order and Knocked Down Dirt Cheap.

At last it has come, as witness the following advertisement in a New York daily paper:

FLOTS—Entirely new and original plots furnished by a well-known author. Write for further particulars to author, etc., etc. In the not very distant future the man who wishes write a novel will, no doubt, go about it in this way:

Scene—The sixteenth story of a department store.

Would-be Author (to floor walker, who performs his duties on a small trolley car)—"Ah, where is the plot-counter, please?"

Floor Walker—Thirtieth floor. Take balloon to your left.

Would-be Author (arriving at thirty-ninth floor)—"May I see some plots, please?"

Attendant—In this way, sir. Any particular choice, sir?

Would-be Author—Well, what have you in stock today?

Attendant—Almost anything: love, romance, adventure, war, city, suburban, idyllic, pastoral, detective; got a detective here that knocks the Sherlock Holmes style into an abyss so deep it can't possibly get out, only \$2.89, marked down from \$3.

Would-be Author—And your love plots?

Attendant—Enthusiastically—Oh, I've got several beauties—all cheap, dirt cheap. Here's one of the "She married a cart driver who proved to be only a poor duke" style. I'll let you have it for \$2. No profit in it at all, I assure you.

Would-be Author—I think I'd like to get one laid in the humbler walks of life, say a...

Attendant—Here you are. Just ex-

From St. Petersburg comes news of the suicide of Prince Dimitri Gagarine, at Katarinburg, by sending a bullet through his brain.

He was formerly one of the most brilliant members of the jeunesse d'ore in the Russian capital, and a captain of the Chevalier Guards d'Imperialite, the crack cavalry regiment of the Russian army. Suddenly,

BUY POTATOES NOW

TOMORROW OUR PRICE FOR THE FINEST NEW YORK POTATOES WILL BE

3 BUSHELS FOR \$1.00

On account of the tremendous business we are doing, we cannot promise to deliver them tomorrow, but we will guarantee that you shall get them not later than Tuesday.

J. T. D. PYLES.

STORES—312 4th Street S. E., Cor. 3d and Md. Ave. N. E., 18 7th Street N. E., 1904 7th Street N. W., Cor. Washington and Monroe Streets, Anacostia.

trial of his useless existence, he withdrew to Katarinburg, where he devoted himself to the establishment of a number of very successful manufactories, which he ran on the principle of according a share in the profits to each of his employes.—Marquis de Fontenay.

Would-be Author—And the illustrations?

Attendant—Oh, certainly; which plot have you decided to take?

Would-be Author—I'll take this love story.

"She married a rich man who afterward wrote a comic opera and bankrupted his estate, then what could the poor girl do? I think it has many possibilities. But the illustrations—"

Attendant—Just help yourself from that basket to the right. Yes, them is them. I beg your pardon, I mean those are they. Yes, those marked "Love" will suit you. We have 100 scenes tied up in each package, so arranged that they will fit any story. You will find full directions inside the plot. It is really very simple. Just fill in the blank spaces with such adjectives as you are partial to. This leads the author's personality to the story, you see. That will be \$1.25. Thank you, Casca—"

Would-be Author—If you get any good things of the theosophic nature just lay them aside for me, please.

Attendant—Certainly. Your change, sir. Lovely weather, isn't it? Good day. Call again.—New York World.

Useful Young Maine Woman.

Some of the young women of Maine are seeking fame by the same method that have proved so efficacious in the case of elderly ladies, remarks the Kennebec Journal. "North Lincoln has a young widow who milks three cows, does the work for two in the family, drives three miles and does a day's work, returning home at night in time to milk, mend the socks, feed the pigs, split the wood, etc. This Canadian has a smart young woman who besides doing the housework for quite a large family this fall, did the milking and look all the care of two cows, the hens, chickens, horses, etc., picked fourteen bushels of apples, put them in the bag, pulled two stacks of beans, and hauled in three loads of pumpkins, and, after digging and picking up fifteen bushels of potatoes, pulling thirty bushels of beans and turnips and twenty-five head of cabbage, put them all in the cellar herself. Such undertakings are bad enough when necessary."

She Kats Her Own Hash.

One of our young women of Maine once gave a few domestic hints in a housekeeping journal which graphically illustrated the danger in unbridled economy. Her remarks happened to be upon the theme of using up ruminants. She seriously advised the general housewife to do as she did—make periodic incursions upon the refrigerator and whatever was found there, whether fish, fowl or vegetable, to mix together in some commodious vessel and from this unappetizing compound to make "croquettes."

If it hasn't been too polite a name for such a mess. A little later on the author mentions casually that her family are all dyspeptics. The only wonder, says the New York Times, is that they are not corpses.

Subjects for Congress.

The Monroe doctrine.

Cuba.

Venezuela.

Hawaii.

Alaska.

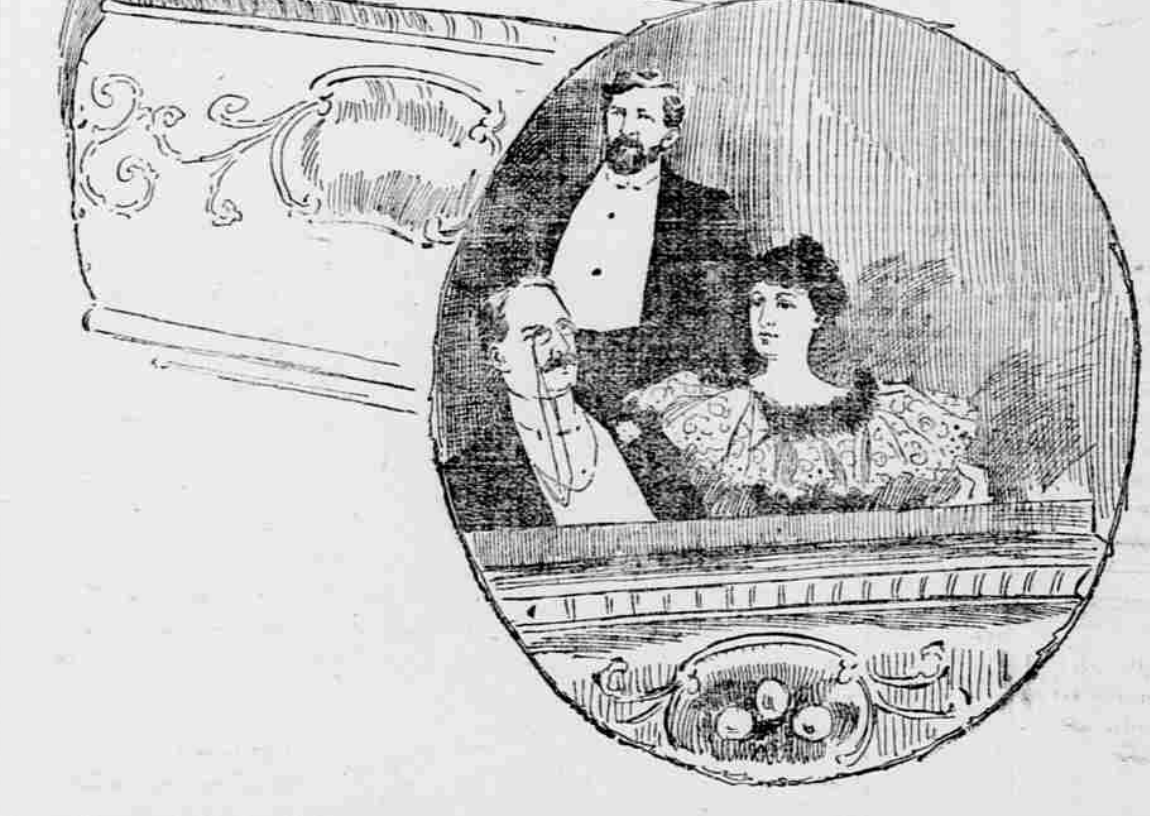
The Treasury.

Clevelandism.

—New York Sun

The Oldest Horse.

The age of the oldest known horse slightly exceeded 50 years.



Henry Cleves and Elbridge T. Gerry in the Morton Box. W. C. Whitney. Calvin S. Brice. Mrs. Henry Clow.

Money kings frequent the grand opera, too. They pay themselves as somebody, and the high professional people do the rest. Certainly the money kings put up the money by the thousands by subscription, by bidding, by contribution, and by private methods, until the grand opera is an assured thing, and when they boast it in their midst, none prouder than they that their efforts are appreciated by the men who are not the business force of the country, but its brains and dignity.

The Clowes family and all the great bankers, from Pierpont Morgan and Addison Crampton to D. O. Mills, Whitehall Reid and the Goulds. All have their boxes and all entertain nights the celebrities who may be visiting New York. Grand opera every night in the week is a show in itself, even if one were screened from the stage and could see only the boxes.

When the boxes fill on opening night it is a grand sight at the opera. The lights are twinkling brightly, the air is perfumed with the violet spray that is sent from the compressed rubber machinery around the house, filling every chimney and curtain with its fragrance. Silently the ushers stand at the back of the great hall waiting for the first arrival. A carriage clatters up to the door. A rattle of alighting silks and satins. Another rattle, another carriage, more rattling, more rattling, the carriages are coming thick and fast now.

The opera boxes began to be alive with lovely, moving creatures, yet they are women, women so lovely that the heart of you is lost at the sight of their snowy softness, their dignity, their hauteur, their grand dame air. The opera house brightens. There is a clambor of the orchestra. The murmuring play on. Give me excess of it! Thorough enjoyment of the scene is depicted on every face.

And no one looking upon the brilliant scene could question the idea of Shakespeare—that the man who has no music in his soul must be fit for treason, strategy and spoils.

New Bedforders Will See Wales.

The schooner Grace Webster, Capt. Crossman, reports that while on her way from New York to Portland, about ten miles off Wood Island, she sighted a whale sent seventy-five or eighty feet in length. He came close to the vessel and could be touched with a boat-hook. He made several attempts to strike the schooner with his flukes, and for more than an hour continued his remarkable acrobatic performance, standing on his head, with his tail waving in the air, most of the time. He seemed bent on hitting the schooner, and it took the best of good seamanship to prevent an encounter. Finally he headed away for the westward. There were three or four other whales in the vicinity at the time.—New Bedford Journal.

The San Francisco papers say that Mayor Sutro of that city has a peculiar hobby. He is a modeler in clay and dough.